

21 Jan 1945

(42)

Hello Darling;

Look I can type! after a fashion of course but it is still typing. I have the night off and am taking a busman's holiday. I can use the practice though and write my daily letter to you. My boys was just inquiring about why I am here on my night off.

I finished the new house plans and am going to do up the duplicate copy of it for my own record. I'll send your copy to you as soon as I am through. I like it better than the first one I sent you but I am still not satisfied with it as a final plan.

Finally I got to see the picture "The Princess and the Pirate". It's Bob Hope's latest and was not as good as I had hoped it would be. It was entertainment though, and whatever we get in the line of entertainment is not to be scorned. While we're on the subject of entertainment I want to tell you that if you failed to appreciate the subtle humor of "The Old Soak" it is only because you were not a big girl during the era he writes of. I thought it was quite amusing and found that it brought to mind a lot of things I remembered from the days when I was young and you were still in swaddling clothes. My but you're a very sweet little girl aren't you? Who do you belong to little girl? You'd better say me if you don't want your bottom tanned. Here's a nice big kiss for you if you'll promise to return it with compound interest after the war.

My latest reading matter consists of a series of Stephen Vincent Benet's short stories. Don't tell me you don't like these either or I'll start wondering if you have lost your taste for good literature. I consider his works as a very definite contribution to the creation of an American literary tradition, something new and typically American, the chronicler of American folklore is the exact term I am looking for. I am constantly enthralled by his stories such as "The Devil and Daniel Webster" and "Freedom's a Hard Bought Thing". They are the American fairy tales, the American equivalent of Grimm's Fairy Tales. I think that fairy tales are the backbone of a nation's literature. Don't I sound like some old prof with a one track mind?

In yesterday's letter I asked you if you'd check up on some linoleum cutting supplies but forgot to tell you what size blocks I am interested in. I'd like to get some about $5\frac{1}{2}$ by 7, and some about 3 by 5. Just see if they have this stuff and then when I send you the money you can buy the things OK?

There was no mail from you again today. This makes me very unhappy because I like to receive letters from you and feel that they should make a concerted effort to get your letters to me as soon as possible. Especially when DiToma, my Hungarian friend, got one postmarked the 10th of January. They could get mine to me just as easily if only they'd try.

Pop Leake, one of my Sentmates, put his tools at my disposal if I want to make jewelry. I told him that I was giving up the idea of making the stuff because of the dearth of tools so he promptly drew out his vast store and placed them all at my disposal. That was very nice of him and I think I will continue in my plan to make that bracelet for your mother. I showed Leake your picture and I think he fell in love with you right away. Don't get any ideas now, He's married and has a daughter almost your age, she's seven to be exact. It looks as if you'll have to resign yourself to the idea that you will have to be encumbered with me for the duration plus all eternity. The knight asked the fair beauty to become his mistress but the brave girl declined to do so. Do you admit that you're trapped Lady? That's nice because I can assure you that your fate will be quite bearable and perhaps even enjoyable. What do I mean "maybe"?

Hop furnished me with two cigars today. I smoked them and felt somewhat like the little boy who has just smoked his first cornsilk cigaret. It wasn't too good. Maybe with the cigaret shortage what it is in the State you'd have welcomed them, or haven't you reached that stage yet? You'd better not because "lips that touch cigars shall never touch mine" unless they're your lips in which case it would take a hell of a lot more than a mere cigar to stop me from tasting the ripe lusciousness of those gorgeous red lips of yours Honey.

Isn't the war news nice these days Sweetheart? It seems that the war just can't last much longer. At least I hope not because I just have to be with you soon. They should realize that and end it all. The Russians certainly seem to be trying to end it fast.

I'll close now Darling since they are closing the place up on me. Goodnight little darling, May your dreams all be Happy and pleasant, and may they all be of me. Remember always that though we are separated, I am with you constantly in my thoughts, telling you how much

I love you and want to be with you

Freddie